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plants re-introduce the stone-edged water-garden, with its little rills and pools.

Climate and nationality being the very soul of garden-craft, the genius of the place must always be the garden-planer's chief concern and guide. Instead of such mistakes as so-called 'Japanese' gardens, with stone lamps, bronze cranes, stepping-stones, and all the paraphernalia of Buddhist custom and symbolism totally misunderstood, let us in the West make use of Eastern shrubs and flowers

in our own individual way, learning at the same time from the country of their origin the value of harmony and restraint, the use of tradition in design. Then, at last, we shall hear no more of 'Dutch gardens,' 'French gardens,' 'old-fashioned gardens,' 'landscape gardens,' 'formal gardens,' 'Italian gardens,' and so on and so forth, and a real English garden will be recognised again, one to equal and perhaps surpass the greatest gardens of old time.—*The Edinburgh Review*.

BREAKFAST IN THE GARDEN

BY ISABEL BUTCHART

The China gleams
Where Mary-lilies waken from their dreams,
And roses shed
Their petals red
On amber honey-comb and roll of bread,
A wandering bee
Hums o'er the butter in its cradling leaf,
And suddenly
The fickle northern sunshine hot and brief,
Falling on grey-dewed lawn,
With burning ray
Has driven away
The chill remembrance of the dawn.
Full of grace
This silent place,
Full of prayer
The sunlit air;
The fret of care,
The coming day's unrest,
Are by this one short hour redeemed and blest.

—*Country Life, London.*